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Father of the Year



eldritch

cthulhu

god

345 9 16

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

There's many things that you can say about Cthulhu, but you can't deny this: he's the most productive member of the PTA.

Chapter 2 by JM



Everyone else comes in, hemming and hawing, pretending to care about the fragile politics between parents and teachers and the school administration, but Cthulhu? Oh man, he's a whirlwind (or is it more appropriate to call him a whirlpool?) of arguments and demands and the type of entitlement that gives soccer moms a bad rep.

Let me tell you a story.

It's October. We're all discussing some bullcrap ideas about a Halloween concert of all things when he barges (that's kind of a pun too, right, since barges are boats and... nobody cares, all right then) in and demands that he be the centerpiece of the Halloween concert that nobody actually wants.

Some poor food objects and gets slapped around a bit with a tentacle, which really set the mood of acquiescence that defined the... See more of Story Wars... ly we're going to dress everyone up as little Cthulhu's so they can be... and for once in their fishy little lives.

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Now, another story.

I'm a gosh-darned dragon, and there's no way I'm going to lower my kids to his sub-ocean level.

Lets see how productive Cthulhu is when he doesn't get his own way.

Chapter 3 by Jade



This was... a miscalculation...

I was turned snout over tail and sat down hard on the rough hune steps that ran up to Octopus-shnoze's front doorstep, trying not to let either the almighty shock of the... THING which had answered the door, or the nonsensical angles of the non-euclidian architecture worm their way too far into my head. As previously stated, I am Drakonic, of the bloodline of Typhon and Echidna. Damned if I'm not nearly as much of a god as Noodle-lip himself.

I groaned, blinked hard and fought back hot tears as I pulled my tail from where I'd landed on it, then fanned my wings and regained my feet. I looked up (was it up? damn geometry); immediately, we locked eyes again, and though I'm pretty sure its beyond you're perceptions, try to think about looking into the eyes of something formless, massive and malicious, where it fills a doorway propped within the crevasses of a landscape that makes Eris weep for joy.

Nobody had ever told me the bastard was married.

She rose over me, utterly unphased, a multitude of eyes swarming back and forth like rolling tide of maggots within the decaying bowels of a cow, each seeming to stare through me as it whirled by in its unreasonable dance. Finding my voice, I finally managed to utter an edited variation of my intentions, to which she responded in a way which made my head feel like I'd let Charybdis chew on it for a while. I took her to mean that her husband wasn't home at the moment, but that she insisted that I come in and wait for him to get back.

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So I sat, fidgeting, at one end of their couch as 'Ma'am' picked up something which looked familiar, tightened the frame it was mounted in and set to work on it with needle and scissors. I heard something which sounded like a squeal of tortured pleasure and lost any and all desire to look closer at the thing; instead I tried to get my head together again.

The plan was supposed to be so simple. I would have sworn that I could have taken Tenti... - I feel a chill run through me as a solitary eye wanders from her work to focus through me - Cthulhu, yes, proper names are good... I could have taken Cthulhu in a straight fight. But the Misses? I didn't even want to contemplate what Shub-Niggurath could do to me.

(DO NOT ask me how to pronounce her name... She said it only once, and I thought it would peel my skin. So far as I'm concerned, she's Ma'am.)

I'd heard of Old Gods before; who hadn't? Even the mortals had some inkling of them, a primal fear of all things greater than you. And these were the first beings that stepped out of the darkness an eternity ago, ancient beings so alien that most defied the natural concept of being, eternal and non-existence wrapped up in a neat package that you didn't dare open. This, however, was the first opportunity that I'd ever had to meet one. I could have gone another epoch without that privilege.

In any event, once you got used to it, there was almost a pleasant asymmetry to their living area, and tight feeling in my guts began to dissipate. I was offered something to drink and accepted - Ma'am served me something - at that point, I was beyond examining anything too closely - and I settled in, mostly just talking to myself, playacting at including Ma'am into the conversation, but really, really not wanting any response.

Sure as decay, Cthulhu finally puts in an appearance, heavy footfall on the steps intermingled with a guttural grumbling that brought to mind the ominous subsonics of nuclear power stations - I ought know... one of my kids got tied in with a bad crowd and decided to set up house

In a room for but east - Cthulhu had the same unhealthy feeling following him around. I heard him paw at the door knob for a moment, then he came in the room and his less than impressive, miss-happened fellow... who... in the darkness he cast an swarm of eyes in his direction, and I was...

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him; his continence fell a short bit further when he saw me sitting at the opposite end of the sofa from Ma'am, but he acknowledged me with a wave of a heavy hand.

"Good evening, Mr..." He paused, as if to search his memory, "Mr. Cetus? To what do I owe the pleasure? We don't often get house calls." He cast a wary eye toward Ma'am before offering me his hand.

I took it like I was being offered something that had been left for dead a bit too long, but none the less, and I honestly think that he appreciated it. It may have been the closest thing to a smile that touched at the corner of his eye, but it was gone far too swiftly for me to be certain.

"Honestly, it's just a small thing, but your wife insisted I wait for you." I motioned to Ma'am.

Cthulhu frowned at that, then shook his head. "I know the accent takes some getting used to, but I'm afraid there's been a small misunderstanding. Shub-Niggurath" - I felt my skin burn, freeze, and turn to stone, all in a moment when he said her name - "is my grandmother; she's staying with us while my wife is... out of town. She's terribly good with the kids."

I think his voice cracked as he said it, but he recovered so quickly... and suddenly some of this "Father of the Year" shit was beginning to make sense.

Chapter 5 by Jade



There are dark things that make even demons shudder with hidden terror. I reflected on the sad, and ultimately horrifying truth of this as I winged my way home. Ultimately, my conversation with The Sleeper of R'lyeh proved futile - there wasn't a place in his accursed house where The Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young couldn't cast her mind and he behaved like a being held hostage by something beyond his comprehension, a beaten mongrel. The more the thoughts pressed on me, the angrier I got. Of course the aquatic monstrosity lashed out in the meetings - between the orders taken from his grand-marm and tortures of his home life, he didn't really have a good framework for "health" interaction with his fellows: beaten dogs are the ones you have to be wary of, after all. Not that his actions were

forgivable, but if anyone can understand the nuances of balancing the savage nature of the beast with the wisdom of ages, it's the ones who win our own battles between these two elements, as the

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Be that as it may, a new plan was in order; I fanned my wings as I crossed the Pillars of Hercules, slowing my flight and checking my bearings. A slight course correction, and three wing-beats later, I was coming in to Joppa, no doubt inspiring some new, incredible story in any youth that happened to look up, expecting to see anything more than a commercial flight lining up for a landing. Hard talons crushed rock as I took hold of the lip of the cave that dove near vertically into the earth, one of the entries to my home; undulating and twisting like smoke entwined with flame, I vanished once more from the world of men, back to the deep and forgotten palaces they visit only when dreaming.

*

Despite my new understanding of the situation, the problem of Cthulhu's active role in the PTA remained. All that had really been accomplished with my visit was a new, and hopefully correct, understanding of the motivations. It was painfully obvious at this point that fighting him head on wasn't going to work - he was motivated by terror, and the fear of the consequences of his failure probably drove him harder than anything that we were familiar with dealing with on the day-to-day...

What did that leave us with? I rubbed my temple, thinking, listening to my child play through the house, a tumble of scales and leather still blessedly unaware of the realities of life. She'd never be as powerful as I had been; just the nature of the era, I suspect, but a sadness in any event. She'd never truly be a god or monster like the rest of her kin, particularly now that the stories were tainted or dying. Even I was a forlorn shadow of what I'd been in generations past - then I was representative of the wrath of the olympians, a scourge loosed for perceived slight. Then, over time, I became myth, than allegory, and now... I bit my lip and laid my ears back, growling... Now, who knows Cetus?

My temper roused, my mind rushing over the seeming irrelevant tangent of thought, I roused myself from my resting place, scattering gold and gems, and decapitating a hapless statue. I'd be damned if my child's story...

I paused... for all I'd been through, Cthulhu's rise had been much more sudden, a beast to be feared where he lived from the sl...

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I summoned my oracle and... The Sleeper's story was tainted. I smiled grimly as I began placing calls...

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